

# GREAT BRITAINES SORROW

For the Death of her late deceased all beloued Soueraigne Lord King *JAMES*,  
Who dyed at his *Manour of Theobalds*, on Sunday, March 27. 1625.

## AND THE PEOPLES IOY

In the welcome proclaiming of his vndoubted Sonne, and our Leige Lord *CHARLES*  
King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, &c.



**H**ere are two Figures of great Griefe and Ioy :  
Each striving one the other to destroy :  
And as the one possesseth vs with Griefe,  
The other gives vs Comfort and Reliefe.  
This v unexpected and vnwelcome Blow  
Caus'd brinish Teares our mourning Eyes oreflow ;  
Yet wee have the Almightyes fauour found,  
Who gaue the Cure before hee gaue the Wound.  
This Good deceast example of Good Kings, (rings,  
Whose faire Renowne throughout the whole world  
The Iemme and Iewel of Great Britaines Throne,  
Our Wise, Beloued, Prudent Salomon,  
The Scourge of Antichrist, whose Tongue and Penne  
Hath beene inspir'd by God, admir'd by Men :  
When Blessed Peace was banisht every where,  
Hee gaue her Royall entertainment here :  
Full two and twenty yeares (that Heauenly Doue)  
He did imbrace her in the Armes of Loue.  
Peace (all his life) with Plenty staid with him  
Whilst neighbour-Realms in bloody wars did swim.  
His Learning and his Charitie was rare,  
Vnmarched, as his Works doe well declare.

For Royall *Majestie* and *Courtesie*,  
For pious Zeale, and *Liberalitie*,  
He was the *Paragon*, and *Patterne* too,  
To guide all *Princes* how to speake and doe.  
And hau'ng lost him, which way can we see  
How this great Damage may repaired be :  
O God, with thankfulness we make confession,  
Thou hast restor'd our Ioyes, in his *Succession* ;  
Rest gracious *James*, in Euerlasting Rest,  
Whilst in thy blessed Off-spring we are blest.  
Great *Charles*, our hope in thee, expels our feares,  
Reuiues our Ioy, our drooping spirits cheares :  
Thy Fathers *Sunset* almost stricke vs dead,  
And by thy *Rising* we are comforted.  
O what a war of Griefe and Ioy, within  
Each Subjects brest the conquest fought to winne :  
At last our Ioy the victory did gaine,  
For Ioy of Thee, Great Britaines *Charlemagne*.  
When as the Peeres of this lamenting Land  
Proclam'd thy *Reigne*, thy *Title*, and *Command*,  
Thendid the Ayre with Acclamations ring,  
God saue *Charles*, Brittaines, France, and Irelands King.

This was the sound of comfort, and the voice  
That made each sad and fearfull heart reioyce.  
In Thee, we are made happy we confesse,  
If we haue grace to see our happinesse.  
As thou art Heyre vnto Great *James* his *Crowne*,  
So art thou to his *vertues* and *Renowne*.  
In thee his goodnesse really is borne,  
His *Crowne* and *Qualities* doe thee adorne,  
So that this change is nothing but in Name,  
Th' *Estate* and the *Perfection* is the same.  
Long must thou imitate his actions still,  
T'advance the Good, and to suppress the Ill,  
That tracing in the footsteps of thy *Sire*,  
Thy name and fame all Nations may admire,  
Whilst Thou, the Glory of thy *Diadem*,  
Must be thy peoples *Ioy*, and *Ioy* in *Thee*.  
May no Conspiracies thy peace molest,  
May Antichristian Plots be all suppress :  
My God and good men enermore befriend thee,  
And dayes of old *Methuselah* attend thee.

Amen.